The Cee-Ay

Of, By and For the Students of Columbia Academy

VOL. I. APRIL 19, 1922. No. 6

"FROM SOLOMON'S CHAIR."

(A Cereal.)

"Mickey", for want of a better name, the editor of the "Cee-Ay" and "Charles Dana" of Saint Joseph's Hall approached us in the glamor of our dining room and with optics suffused with crocodile tears besought us to pen off a few lines on our adventurous days—those elfin days!—when we smoked Virginia Cheroots in the hidden recesses of an abandoned boiler, and spent our Wednesday afternoons studying the Saint Joe Hall rule book under the eagle eye of a professorial guard. Him of Avon, well expostulated: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth is an ungrateful child!"

To that generation of youthful sprites who are now occupying our pews, desks, chairs, cells, and who are utilizing our napkins anad napkinholders we offer these few comments:

Professors are all the same the world over. You may be clever; you may succeed in evading them once or even ninty-nine times, but put this down in your morocco covered diary—Professors are like DEATH—they'll get you in the end! The oncoming generation of Jno. D. Croesus; B. Burns, (not the cigar, the poet) and Marshal Ferdinand Caesars, we mean the St. Joseph's Hall youth of today, must cleave to their professor regardless of consequences.

It is two to one that the Sparrow who killed Cock Robin would have used his weapon for a better purpose had he obeyed his professor whilst garnering the intricacies of Archery. But no! The senseless simp like the current "flapper", succumbed to his prevailing passion.

It is encouraging to note that the present academic sheep-skin-chasers devour the Arabian Knights, Bennet's Latin Grammar, and biogrophys of Samuel Johnson, "Teddy" Roosevelt and Jesse James with the voraciousness of a Venetians Spaghetti banqueter. Such news is soothing balm to your brothers on the hill. Let the lanterns of Obedience and Literary Taste burn brightly in the old chapel tower.

If you don't like this explosion inform the editor—don't tell us. This is the first of a series of WEAKLY articles doomed to appear in this paper so if you would denounce us—do it now!

—Hol-Stem.
'In the "Loras Wail.")

"A PHILIPPINE VIOLET."

Below the Celestial Sphere and brightness
Rarest flowers were chanting melodies;
And here—Oh! my halcyon life dwells
Sweetly caressed with love's spell.
Alas! from my dreaming
With half-closing eyes
A little, pretty thing
Calls me; "Arise from thy dreams!"
Look! the rarest, prettiest
Sweetest and purest,
Like a maiden's eye,
Who calls to you now.
Kissed by sparkling dews,
Watched by the stars,
Caressed by the moon
My violet, you are loved,
Capriciously by moon and stars.
Violet, your perfume and beauty,
Are the life and happiness of me.
O! how with out you my heart is barren
Lend me your perfume, my queenly thing.

—Mariano Falgui, '24.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN A SLEEPING CAR.

Did you ever ride on the best train in the world? No? Then try the "Nickel Plate" route. This New York to Chicago Limited is, in my estimation, the best ever. And it was on train No .61 of this route that I first experienced the thrills, etc., of a sleeping car.

I was assigned to lower berth No. 8. There were some very interesting characters, and character studies in our car. Oh very! I was especially attracted by an apparently old lady sitting across the aisle from me in our parlor car. Her hair was decidedly grey in places; but for the most part it was of a doubtful blonde. Her "appearances were much deceiving looks" as it were. I judged her to be about fifty. She probably would not have felt flattered had I conveyed my judgment to her—but anyway, I so judged.

To continue. This said "good looking for her age" person was in upper No. 8. Along about 10 o'clock, I began to nod. I deemed it about time to retire. I did. I had just about disrobed when CRASH!—This followed by a slight scream from the regions above me. I drew back my curtain and looked on the floor where I saw a once perfectly good set of false teeth, now shattered and scattered all over the floor. The chivalrous Knight soon appeared in

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ATTENTION! NATURAL VIRTUES.

"Morals are stagnant. Conduct that reveales ethical character has undergone a remarkable dissolution," says the Springfield Journal in a recent editorial. Is this position justified, and is the present-day youth, therefore, to be found wanting in natural virtues?

Psychologists assert that the ages between twelve and eighteen are the impressionable years when religion and crime recruit their largest numbers. How important, then, the standards that furnish the pressure to send a young man either to athieism or to sound convictions; to patriotic loyalty or to Bolshevism; to a life of usefulness or to one of crime.

What is the position to be held forth as the ideal of the young student? Shall the model be that underlying the words of Tennyson, "Live purely, speak truthfully, follow Christ the King?" Or, on the other hand, shall it be our modern anatomy of "pep": "Keep on your toes, maintain your backbone, use your head, put your best foot forward, don't get down in the mouth, keep a stiff upper lip", et cetera, ad infinitum?

Let us consider a few natural virtues. Can you mark yourself one hundred per cent. in trustworthi-

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FRENCH ELOCUTION PRELIMINARIES.

The preliminaries to the annual French Elocution Contest were held Thursday evening, April 10. About twenty students were out to gain a place in the finals to be held near the close of the semester. Judging from appearance at the prelims we feel confident that the French Contest will go over the top this year.

Fathers Fitzgerald, Hoffman, Striegel and Thier acted as judges. The following men were chosen for the finals: From the College department: Gus Choquette, Victor Hingen, Joseph Lim, Leo. McEvoy and Bernard Schwartzhoff with Clarence Ferring, Daniel Holloway and Arnold Stierman from the Academy.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Miss Jeanette Van Hanxleden, sister of our Nick, visited over Sunday in Dubuque.

Bernard Venteicker has recovered sufficiently from his late attack of rheumatism to allow him to go to his home at Carrol, Iowa.

Leo Gorman's sister Veronica spent an enjoyable few days in Dubuque the past week.

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Editorial

Now that the Retreat is over and we are on "the last lap" as it were, of our school year, we shall find many occasions to put in practice the timely admonitions so ably presented to and impressed upon us by Father Kohne. Never were we so impressed by a speaker of any kind He was so earnest, so practical, so forceful, so free from the intricacies of rhetoric and withal so appealing that we just couldn't help being impressed, and we want to state right here, that, God giving us the grace, that is what we want to do—endeavor to bring people to a clearer realization of their duties to their creator and towards their fellow men.

Who could ever forget his unusual but practical simile which likens God our soul and the body to partners in a business—our body being the office boy? Or his discourse on death and eternity? We will never forget it, and are sure not many who heard him ever will.

Now the prevailing weather conditions during the next six weeks will be very agreeable to that office boy of ours and unless we keep the warnings of our good retreat Master constantly in mind, said office boy may gain the upper hand, and even bankrupt the firm. A good business man would never allow this young upstart enough rope to do this. Let's all be good business men then, and the world at large will profit much by it. After all this method of living right is nothing less than good, sound, practical business policy.

—J. M. S.

HISTORY OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

During the four years which a class spends in a high school, it naturally becomes the subject of an interesting history. Realizing this the Senior class of '22 has appointed four of its members to compile this history. We will try to perform this task in a manner which will do justice to the class. The history will be divided so as to be completed in the last issue of the Cee-Ay.

On a bright and typical autumn day, the year 1918, in the month of September, a small number of boys climbed laboriously up Fourteenth street.

This group of boys came from all directions, each boasting of the merits of his home town or city. But firmer set in their minds was the beginning of what they thought of as manhood—the opening of their high school career.

Upon arriving at St. Joseph Hall they gazed in awe at their future home. They marched in through the main entrance, thence to the Registrar's Office, where after being quizzed, they were turned out full fledged students, thereby gaining the privilege to boast that they were students of one of the best Military Academies of the Middle West.

At that time Father John C. Stuart was Rector of the college and to him fell the task of consoling them, in the cases of homesickness which developed among them in the next few days. His work was lessened by the other members of the faculty who acted the part of fathers to the boys.

In a few weeks the Military Department of the college, under the direction of Lieut. Dawson, became definitely established, and the first academics strutted about the campus as members of the Junior Battalion. At first they drilled in civilian clothes, but before Christmas Vacation they were clothed in their uniforms of khaki, which brought upon them the dignity and grace of well drilled cadets.

In the latter part of October an epidemic of influenza struck Dubuque, and in accordance with the orders of the City Health Authorities classes were suspended. The first year students especially were the victims of this sickness. The class suffered its first sorrow when Thomas Gorman was called by his Creator. Three weeks later the ban was lifted and the new students settled down to serious work.

The first excitement of the year came when, on November 11th the World War was brought to a close by the Armistice. The boys were awakened early in the morning by the noise of the general rejoicing and knew no rest during the day. Early in the afternoon a parade was organized by the city officials and

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THE FISH POND

The Game started with Molasses at the Stick, Smallpox Catching, and Cigar in the box with lots of smoke. Horn was on first, Fiddle at second backed by Corn in the field. He made it Hot for Umpire Apple, who was rotten. Ax came to bat and chopped Cigar, while Brick walked and Sawdust filled the bases. Hammer made a hit, and Twenty made a score. Cigar went out and Baloon went in to pitch but went up in the air; then Cherry tried, but was wild. Old Ice kept cool in the game till he was hit by Pitcher, then you should have Ice scream.

Cabbage had a good lead but got stewed and was put out of the game. He was not the only one, for Umpire Apple got canned. Grass covered lot of ground, and the crowd cheered when Spider caught a fly. Bread loafed on first and tried to pump Organ, but Organ played fast and put out Light. In the fifth inning, Wind began to blow about what he could do, and the way Steam roasted Peanuts was a fright. Knife was put out for cutting first base. In the third inning, Corn was shocked when Hammer made a hit. Trombone followed with a slide for home, but Meat was on the plate to put him out. Lightning pitched and struck two men; Door took his place and shut out the opposing team, One to Nothing. There was lots of betting on the game, and Soap cleaned up the gang.

As Von Hindenburg said: "A Retreat is not a good time for jokes.

Kann: (Holler' out to McClain) Got anythin' to roll.
McLain: Socks.

When I Was a Freshman: I thought I would never get out of freshman Latin—and now I know I won't.—A Senior.

Do You Remember Way Back When: We stood inspection every morning before going to chapel? —Junior, Fourth floor.

SLEEPIN' OVER.

When the bell in the hall is done ringin'
And someone knocks at your door,
And you hear a bunch of keys janglin'
You know you've slept over once more.

Oh, then it's the time that a feller
Is feelin' quite poorly at best;
For he knows 'tis not to greet him
But rouse him from hours of rest.

Oh, yes, then, indeed, he goes quickly;
He hastens right out of the door;
Trots off to the chapel resolvin'
He'll surely sleep over no more.

—Charles M'Parland, '22.

ATHLETICS

ACADEMY PRACTICE.

Wet weather has hindered the Academy in its practice for Saturday's game with East Dubuque at 2:30 Clark Field.

Lasanse and Bertsch will perform. Kopel will display his ability at short while Noonan will cover third sack. Martin and Hutchinson, both new men, will appear at first and second respectively. O'Connor, Forkenbrock and Lynch, all old men, will appear also in the woods.

Kopel will head the batting order Red O'Connor (old dear) is clean up man. The men seem to be in perfect condition and expect to come out victors under the able coaching of Father Steffen.

Let every Academy man be a loyal booster for their team

VARSITY PRACTICE.

The varsity took advantage of the sunshine Tuesday afternoon and appeared at practice at 3:00 in preparatiton for Thursday's game with Armour Tech. and Saturday's with State Teachers. This will be their first performance and the students are expecting a machine that will excell last year's.

The infield remains practically the same. McCauley the star first sacker has been shifted to the mound and displays a wonderful collection of hooks and curves and perfect control which Murry receives very gracefully. Blake has been called in from the field to cover first. Noonan, Choquette and Fisher are the outfielders. Choquette is the new man in the outfield. He displayes great ability with the stick. The following is the batting order.

1.—Long, ss.
2.—McDonough, 3rd.
3.—Noonan, 1. f.
4.—Murray, c.
5.—Blake, 1st.
6.—McCaully, p.
7.—Choquette, c. f.
8.—Sutton, 2nd.
9.—Fisher, rf.

Our Varsity Schedule.

We are pleased to include in this week's issue our complete varsity schedule. The Athletic Director informs us that no changes have been made with the exception of the Campion game which was to be played here May 20th. The date has been set for May 24th. Students are proud of our schedule and hope that our team will have a most successful season.

Thursday, April 20, Armour Tech. at Dubuque.
Saturday, April 22, Iowa State Teachers, at Dubuque.
Friday, April 28, Luther College, at Decorah.
Saturday, April 29, Campion College, at Prairie Du Chien.
Monday, May 1, Wisconsin Mines, at Dubuque.
Friday, May 5, Armour Tech, at Chicago.
Saturday, May 6, St. Viatore College, at Kankakee.
Wednesday, May 10, Luther College, at Dubuque.
Saturday, May 13, Des Moines University, at Dubuque.
Tuesday, May 16, Des Moines University at Des Moines.
Wednesday, May 17, Iowa State Teachers, at Cedar Falls.
Wednesday, May 24, Campion College at Dubuque.
Saturday, May 27, De Paul University at Dubuque.

OUR ATHLETIC HALL OF FAME.
Joe Kerwick, '12.

Kerwick was an all-round athlete. Quarterback in football, both guard or forward in basketball and first baseman in base ball. He was considered s one of the best quarterbacks our college ever produced. He used his head, could hit the line for big gains and was famous for his open field running. Passing the pigskin at a good distance was his specialty. For sake of comparison we pass on the following:

S. J. C. 3
Des Moines U. 0

In the last few minutes of the game with a scoreless tie Kerwick received a punt and drop kicked from the forty yard line bringing home the bacon to old St. Joe.

His close guarding and accurate shooting in basketball saved many a game for S. J. C. His hard hitting and spectacular fielding paved the way for no small number of games in baseball. John was no one-position man, for at times he relieved Faber on the mound. It is said that he was Cretz's closest rival at slugging. After finishing at St. Joseph Mr. Kerwick attended Iowa State where he was graduated in medicine in medicine in 1916. He is now practicing at Lawler, Iowa.

ANOTHER RIVAL.

The Foul Balls have decided to enter the race for the Championship of St. Joseph's Hall. Chuck Killcrece has assumed the position of manager, and will direct from behind the bat. To Owen Marron the captaincy has been bestowed. He will do the hurling for the Foul Balls along with Devereaux. The Foul Balls have arranged a three games series with Cacek's Satellites and a three game series with O'Donnell's Thorns. Any teams desiring games with Foul Balls call at Room 328. Office Hours 6 a. m. to 9 p. m.

BASEBALL PROSPECTS.

It is the happy April time;
Spring sports are under way;
A call has issued forth for men,
Our nation's game to play.

The candidates come to the field;
Full fifty-five are there;
Some few hit the spheroid hard,
But more can hit the air.

—Philip Schrempf, '22.

ATTENTION! NATURAL VIRTUES.

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ness? Sportsmanship, team play and ability to "trust thyself" are worthy of attention. Friendliness demands a kindly Christian address toward all with whom we live. No less valuable is courtesy. Old age, women, children and the weak and helpless give the young man the "challenge of the present". While reading the nobler thoughts of the courteous knighthood of by-gone ages, there arises a natural admiration for the youth of the past. Knowledge of the craftiness of crime, and the frequency of temptation have increased their march with the advance of modern facilities. How much more necessary and challenging, then, the knighthood of today? Certainly requisite is cheerful obedience to all to whom obey leaders, and others in authority. Modern life demands thriftiness. Never to destroy needlessly any property allows generosity to those in distress. Do we do a "good turn" without the hope of reward, to some one every day? Willingness to aid subordinates, confidence in self, and "stick-to-itiveness" are perhaps secondary virtues. Of greater desirability is cleanliness in body, thought and speech. And above all these is reverence,—reverence to God and to all to whom minor reverences may be due.

There are numerous written laws concerning the conduct of men. Many more, and of greater importance, perhaps, are the unwritten precepts regulating the activities of the human race. The ages past hold many examples. The Japanese have their Bushido, or laws of the old Samurai warrior. During the Middle Ages, the laws of chivalry, and the rules of the Knights of King Arthur, and of the Knights Templars, and of the crusaders were in full force. In aboriginal America, the Indians had their traditions of honor; and at other times, and in other places the Zulus, and the Hindus, as well as later European nations have had their ancient codes. Notable among these was the Oath of the Athenian Youth.

In the "niftiness" of today we desire to avoid the beaten path of experience, thereby too often drifting for from natural virtues. But to gain these, it remains necessary to cast aside the vanity of the "molly-coddle," and to assume the garb of an earnest "he-man".

Attention! Natural Virtues!

William Courtade, '22

TREASON AGAINST AMERICAN HISTORY.

(Continued.)

"It is hard for us to realize how ignorant and superstitious were most of the earlier colonists of America".—Page 134.

"We can afford now to laugh at our forefathers".—Page 256.

To find room for such "really important events", McLaughlin and Van Tyne made no mention whatever of Commodore Barry, General Morgan, General Moylan, General Reed, General Irvine, Sergeant Jasper, Molly Pitcher, Betsy Ross, Nathan Hale and other names that have always thrilled and filled with patriotism the school children of America.

Everett Barnes, in his history, speaks as though he wished that the United States had remained in subjection to Great Britain. He says, "Had their been no war, this great country would probably now be a great branch of the British Empire.

In regard to the War of 1812, Barnes states: "It was a mistake. It was a case in which righteous anger overcame judgment. Some hot-blooded statesmen from the southern states among whom were Henry Clay, of Kentucky, and John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, urged that the war be declared and they had their way."—Page 151.

"The young statesmen who had so rashly brought on the war were equally rash in causing it to be pushed with vigor."—Page 153.

"In but one instance did the Americans win a glorious victory"; and even this "was a wasted battle, it was a needless victory, it counted for nothing, for the war was over."

Concerning this Battle of New Orleans, Barnes gives no credit to American generalship and valor, but shows his hostility to the Americans by such expression as this: "The invaders came on like British soldiers, they came again and again, and offered up their lives for their king."

Barnes actually makes heroes of our enemies.

Prof. Hart in his "School History of the United States", says that, "the colonists were as well off as any people in the world", and that, "to this day it is not easy to see just why the colonists felt so dissatisfied. They were not desperately oppressed."

Of the soldiers of the Revolution, Prof. Hart says, "Many served from the purest motives of patriotism, but others were drawn into the army by money, bounties, and promises of land."

In Prof. O'Hara's "School History of the United States", the Boston Massacre, is considered as a British resistance to an attack of a mob and the Boston Tea Party is called a "wholly lawless destruction of Property."

Now can any true citizen of the United States regard the authors of such Anti-American propaganda as anything but traitors? They are guilty of a greater treason than Benedict Arnold, and every American who loves his country and values his liberty ought to co-operate with the Knights of Columbus in their campaign, "to make American history safe for Americans."

KAMPUS KWIBS.

Question: What do you think the most essential study in an Academy? and Why?

The most essential study in this Academy, or in any Academy, for that matter, is, or at least, ought to be the study of religion and morality. This means so much for the student as an individual and as a member of society. Remember Washington's words in his famous "Farewell Address": "Of all the habits and dispositions that lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensible supports."

— A Faculty Member.

I think the most essential study is mathematics because it is absolutely necessary in any occupation or profession which a student is going to take up.

—Gregory L. Meis, '22.

Of the various branches taught in the Academic department I consider Latin the most important. It is a study recognized by all standard colleges and universities for developing scholarship. It is a great aid to the better understanding of English, as about sixty per cent of our English words are derived from Latin.

—J. Egan, '23.

Of all the courses offered to a high school student I deem Latin the most essential. It teaches you how to analyze and improve your English together with many other assets such as concentrating, reasoning and memorizing.

—L. B. Nabor, '24.

I think one is incapable of studying anything without a good knowledge of English. We make more headway by the use of good English. Without it a man is hopeless.

—J. H. Mueller, '25.

HISTORY OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

(Continued from Page Two.)

the College Cadet Corps was invited to take part. The parade was a great success and the cadets made a fine showing (as they always did).

After Christmas a few of the students dropped out on account of sickness and other causes which made it impossible for them to return.

Soon after this Lieutenant Dawson returned to take up his duties as Commandant, having been called to Washington early in November to take up special war work. Lieutenants Lynch and Dempsey had taken charge of his duties during this time. With the return of the Lieutenant came three worthy assistants, namely O'Rourke, Beverman and Corporal Cross.

The year ended with the boys eager to return for the next year's work. The Freshman class showed great promise in their classes and in all branches of athletics. There was no lack of spirit in the class and it has improved each year. They wished to be a class which would attain a high average in all branches of the Academy's curriculum. How far they have succeeded in this one you will be able to judge by reading the future issues of the Cee-Ay.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN A SLEEPING CAR.

(Continued from Page One.)

the form of a colored porter. He collected the shattered, scattered teeth and then asked to whom they belonged. Evidently they had dropped from the sky. They belonged to no-one in the car. Next morning, however, Mlle, of the Upper Berth had a queer looking mouth. Also she ordered Cream of Wheat for her morning meal.

For the sake of brevity we shall now skip down the aisle of the sleeper, to lower number 15. Mr. Occupant was, to say the least, well —say he was surplus in avoirdupois. He was a curiosity to behold. He could not walk; he waddled. His head was decidedly minus any such incumbrances as hair. It was of this species that make very good parking space for flies, mosquito's, etc. Yes, he was decidedly bald. Him too, I saw first in the parlor. Have you ever seen a picture of Old King Cole? If so, just picture him in a suit of blue serge, (rather roomy despite the space included therein) with a pipe of the Missouri species, rather worse for wear, and black as the ace of spades, with an odor rising to the high skies. Odoriferous so to speak. Back to our car, and nearly ready for bed. (All the foregoing is an explanation and description of our friend Space.)

He went to sleep very easily. Our train came to a stop at a small town intent on water. It did. Two parties came running through our car. Mr. in lower berth No. 5 awoke, protruded his head through the curtains, and asked if the hold-up-men were in our car yet. For which question he was rewarded with a gentle, but forcible impression of foolishness, in the form of a horse laugh. He withdrew to the interior regions and was snoring again inside of two minutes.

I could write a book on the passengers, but I won't. I shall conclude by the most interesting character of all. It is myself. The reader knows me, and has known me for the last three years, so I think I have said my bit for this time.

—William G. Scherer, '23.